

Crows Counting

"Rain King"

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When I think of heaven

(Deliver me in a black-winged bird)

I think of flying down into a sea of pens and feathers

and all other instruments of faith and sex and God

In the belly of a black-winged bird

Don't try to feed me

I've been here before and I deserve a little more

I belong in the service of the Queen

I belong anywhere but in between

She's been crying , I've been thinking

And I am the Rain King

Mama, why am I so alone?

I can't go outside

I'm scared I might not make it home

I'm alive, but I'm sinking in

If there's anyone at home at your place

Why don't you invite me in

Don't try to bleed me

I've been there before and I deserve a little more

I belong in the service of the Queen

I belong anywhere but in between

She's been lying
I've been sinking
And I am the Rain King
Hey, I only want the same as anyone
Henderson is waiting for the sun
Oh, it seems night endlessly begins and ends
After all the dreaming I come home again...
When I think of heaven
(Deliver me in a black-winged bird)
I think of dying
Lay me down in a field of flame and heather
Render up my body into the burning heart of God in the
belly of a black-winged bird
Don't try to bleed me
I've been here before and I deserve a little more
I belong in the service of the Queen
I belong anywhere but in between
She's been dying
I been drinking and I am the Rain King

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